THE DEVIL of a DUKE: OR, *Trapolin's* Vagaries.

A

(FARCICAL BALLAD)

OPERA,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL IN *DRURY-LANE.*

To which is prefix'd the Muſick to each Song, ſet for the Spinnet, Harpſicord, *German* Flute, Violin, and Hautboy; with the Thorough Baſe to each Tune.

By Owen R. Drury

LONDON:

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Lavinio,	Duke of *Florence*.	Mr. *Roberts*.
Brunetto,	Prince of *Savoy*.	Mr. *Stoppelaer*.
Barberino,	Deputies of *Florence* in the	Mr. *Paget*.
Alberto,	Duke's abſence	Mr. *Winſtone*,
Mago,	the Conjurer.	Mr. *Croſs*.
Trapolin,	A Buffoon, the ſuppoſed Duke.	Mr. *Bridgwater*.
A Puritan.		Mr. *Jones*.
Captain.		Mr. *Wright*,

Servants, Officers, Attendants, Gentlemen, *&c.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

WOMEN.

Iſabella, the Dutcheſs.	Miſs *Mears*.
Prudentia, the Duke's Siſter.	Miſs *Atherton*.
Flametta, *Trapolin's* Sweetheart	Miſs *Raftor*.
1 Woman.	Young *Leigh*.
2 Woman,	Mrs. *Willis*.

SCENE Florence, *and a Wood adjacent.*

N. B. The firſt and eighteenth *Airs* were wrote by another Hand, and inſerted at the Deſire of the *Performers*.

THE Devil of a Duke: OR, TRAPOLIN'S VAGARIES.

SCENE I. *A Desart.*

Trapolin, Flametta.

Trap. IS the Wench mad, I say? Wounds, get you home, you Gipsey: Why I have neither Meat nor Money, and how the devil do you think I must maintain you?

Flam. I'll go with you to the World's End, I'll live with you, starve with you, die with you.

Trap. And lie with me, I ſuppoſe. Why the Fierceneſs of my Appetite one way, has blunted the Edge of it the other: I'm a baniſh'd Man, am I not? 'Tis High-Treaſon for me to return to *Florence.* Why, by the ſame reaſon, it muſt be High-Treaſon for you to keep out of it.

Flam. I did not care what came of me, if it was not for your ſweet ſake.

Trap. And is it poſſible you can love me ſo much?

Air I. Se Guacci.

Flam. *Do not ask me if I love you,*
A Maid ſhould anſwer, no;
Tho' none I prize above you,
Still I muſt anſwer, no.
Thus baſhful Virgins flying,
The wiſh'd-for Bliſs forgo,
Tho' their Eyes confeſs them lying,
Still they muſt anſwer, no.

The Duke is gone to *Milan*, and has left *Barberino* and *Alberto* Deputies of *Florence.* Alas, if I return, *Barberino* may oblige me to any thing.

Trap. Why, ay, as you ſay, the old Fellow is a little fond of thee, or honeſt *Trapolin* had never found it death by the Law, to take the Air in his own Country. But your Virtue ſhall be my Shield, and if he has recourſe to *vi & armis*, you know what you have to do when the Duke returns. I have ſeen as honeſt an old

old Fellow as his Deputyſhip, make a pitiful Figure before a religious Jury, when try'd for a Rape.

Flam. Ay, but ſuppoſe my Virtue would not be able to hold out againſt ſo ſtrong a Temptation? Capitulation has been the Fate of many a fine Town, when in want of neceſſary Supplies; and if we once come to Terms, you know very well they'll be hard on my ſide.

Air II. In the pleaſant Month of *May.*

Will the Linnet fly the Snare,
When tempted by a pleaſing Bait,
And the Voice enchants her Ear
Of her long-loſt warbling Mate?
Will the Woman e'er deſpiſe,
The Sight which charms her Eyes,
And be ſo far unwiſe,
To caſt away Gold, her Virtue to hold?
If ſuch a thing is done,
The Fair who can't be won,
May ſurely retrieve, all we loſt by Dame Eve,
And at Court may die a Nun!

Trap. Return to *Florence*, I ſay, intercede for my Return with my very good back Friend, Lord *Barberino.* If you can't do without it, promiſe him what you never mean to perform; he's a Stateſman, you know, and that will but be paying him in his own Coin.

Flam. Well, I will go then.

Trap. But be ſure to remember *Trapolin.*

Flam. If ever I forget you, may I be ſacrificed to the Arms of the Man I hate.

Trap. Give me a kiſs, you Gipſey, for that kind Word.

Air III. Birth of *Harlequin.*

Will Reſolution never waver?
Flam. *Fixt as our Fate, I'm ever thine.*
Trap. *Abſence will raiſe the Fire higher.*
Flam. *Your ardent Love ſhall admire mine.*
Ev'ry long Day,
When I'm away,
Will appear as a Year,
My dear. Da Capo.

[*Exit* Flametta.

Trap. What an inhuman Duke was this to baniſh me, who never baniſh'd him!—Methinks this is a very melancholy Place, let me think where to betake myſelf; I would go to *Rome*, and turn Fryar, but that I have too much Learning. A Man of my Occupation might once have finger'd the *Pollux Ryals* in *Venice*; but now the Gentry go a more compendious way to work, and pimp for one another—It quite ſpoils all trading.

Air

Air IV. To the Hundreds of *Drury* I write.

Young Damſels were formerly won
By a Pimp's Application to Mother,
But the Quality ſaving are grown,
One does the good Office for t'other.
At Ombre, Baſſet, or Quadrille,
They care not what Money they ſquander,
Yet though they diſgorge the old Pill,
They grumble at paying the Pander.

[Muſick in the Air.

Heyday! what have we here? is the Place haunted? Ay, it muſt be ſo; and the good-natur'd Devils are willing to bear me a Chorus.

[*Thunder.*

So, now the Fidlers have fall'n out among themſelves; Ah, Lord —— what's here? a decrepit old Man?

Mago *flies down.*

Mag. Son, thou art baniſh'd.

Trap. True, old Friend, I am ſo——but how the Devil came you to know it?

Mag. The Devil told me.

Trap. The Devil he did——Why it was e'en his own doing, and ſo he could give the beſt Account of it.

Mag. Be not diſmay'd, Preferment waits upon thee. I am ſo far from hurting thee, that from poor *Trapolin*, I'll make thee a Prince.

Trap. Look ye there agen! he knows my Name too; for certain this muſt be the Devil's Kinſman

Kinſman — a Prince! poor *Trapolin* thanks you, Father Conjurer, but has no mind to domineer in Hell; I know where your Territories lie.

Mag. Beſotted Wretch! thou doſt not underſtand me. I tell thee, Son, thou ſhalt return to *Florence.*

Trap. And be hang'd there for my labour.

Mag. Be honour'd there, exalted o'er thy Fellows.

Trap. On a Gibbet.

Mag. There thou ſhalt ſhine in Wealth, and roll in Plenty; the Treaſures of the *Eaſt* ſhall court thy Wearing, and crouding Beauties ſue for thy Embraces.

Trap. Sure I muſt have pimp'd for this old Fellow formerly. Well, as you ſay, Father Conjurer (on ſome private Reaſons that I have) this may not do amiſs: But how ſhall it be done?

Mag. By *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo.*

Trap. What they mean, I know not, but I am ſatisfy'd 'tis but going to the Devil for it; and ſo much for that matter.

Mag. Here, ſit you in this Chair, and ſee the Wonders of my Art. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, ariſe.

Trap. What will become of this temporal Body of mine? I am glew'd to my Seat here— but hear me, good Father, muſt this diabolical Retinue of yours needs appear?

Mag. Of indiſpenſable Neceſſity.

Trap.

Trap. Then, good Father, let them appear inviſible; I have no great Inclination to their Company: to tell you the truth, I like yours none of the beſt: you're like the Devil, enough to ſerve my turn.——Oh, Lord! [*ſinks.*

Mag. Now by the moſt prevailing Spell
That e'er amaz'd the Powers of Hell,
That midnight Witches ever try'd,
When *Cynthia* did the Creſcent hide;
While watchful Dogs to bark forbore,
The Wolf to howl, the Sea to roar:
While *Robin* does his Midnight Chare,
And Plowmen ſweat beneath the Mare:
By all the Terrors of my Skill,
I charge you execute my Will.
Now, proud *Lavinio*, little doſt thou know,
This ſecret Practice of my juſt Revenge.

[*Thunder*, Trapolin *riſes dreſt like the Duke, with Devils.*

Trap. Oh Father, what Metal do you take me to be made of? I am not uſed to travel under ground: Oh for a Dram of the Bottle, of a Quart or two. Call you this Preferment? Marry, he deſerves it, that goes to the Devil for't.——But I ſee no Preferment neither.

Mag. Thou doſt not know thyſelf, look in that Mirror. [*ſhews a Glaſs.*

Trap. Who's there? the Duke? your Highneſs is well return'd; your faithful Servant *Trapolin* begs of your Grace to call him home, and hang up this old Wizard, he'll conjure you out of your Wits elſe, and your People out of your Dominions.

Dominions. What's he gone again? he's for his Friſque under ground too.—— I have made way for him, I have work'd like any Mole, and made Holes you may thruſt Churches thro'.

Mag. What in the Glaſs thou ſaw'ſt, is but thy Picture.

Trap. If that be my Picture, I am the Picture of the Duke.

Mag. And ſhalt be taken for the Duke himſelf;
As thou didſt here ſeem to thyſelf,
So ſhalt thou to the World appear the perfect Duke,
To *Florence* then, and take thy State upon thee.

Trap. Truſt me for Duking it. I long to be at it.——I know not why ev'ry Man ſhould not be a Duke in his turn. Father Conjurer, Time is precious with us great Perſons, and ſo farewel.

Mag. Stay Son, take this enchanted Power with thee;
Preſerve it carefully, for at thy greateſt need
'Twill give thee Aid, when any Foe aſſaults thee,
Caſt but this magick Powder in his Face,
And thou ſhalt ſee moſt wonderful Effects.

Trap. Good! now I am ſatisfy'd I am the Duke, which ſome ſhall rue.——Good Father, fare you well.——*Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, ſtick cloſe.

Air V. In a Bank of Flowers, *&c.*

Since the Buſineſs of a State's too large,
For any Man alone,
From others Care I take the Charge,
To lay it on my own.

Then

Then how I'll work the ſervile Rout,
New Fav'rites make, turn old ones out,
dal, la, la.
Thus the World is wheel'd about. [Exit.

SCENE *The Palace.*

Enter *Barberino* and *Flametta.*

Fla. I do beſeech your Honour repeal my only Joy, my baniſh'd *Trapolin*, take pity on a helpleſs Virgin's Tears, abandon'd to Diſtreſs: You muſt -- You will -- for as our Sovereign left his Power with you, he left his Mercies too.

Bar. Indeed my pretty one, you wrong your Charms.
Nay, I muſt ſay you wrong your Virtue too,
By this Concern for an abandon'd Slave,
Devoted to all Crimes; forget, and ſcorn him.

Fla. I gave my Heart before I knew his Vices,
But it will be my Triumph to reclaim him.
You indeed, Sir, may think the Man unworthy of a Woman's Love; but to be ſure, the Woman in Love will be of a contrary Opinion. Beſides, Sir, you're his Rival, and tho' by prejudicing him, you may hope to profit yourſelf, I have a Maxim will ſtop all further Pretenſions.

Air VI. Buff-Coat.

When once the fond Maid,
Has Man in her Head,
In ſpite of all Reaſon ſhe'll love him;

And till ſhe has got,
Your Worſhip knows what,
The Devil can never remove him.

Alack-a-day then,
'Tis twenty to ten,
The Rogue to be gone will endeavour;
But ſhe that for Life,
Is once made his Wife,
May hold her own firmly for ever.

But, I beſeech your Honour call him home.

Bar. And what Return may I expect for this?

Fla. Goodneſs has always been its own Reward. But to convince you, that your Courteſy ſhall not be wholly thrown away upon me; by Day or Night you ſhall command——

Bar. What?

Fla. My Prayers.

Bar. A very hopeful Recompence truly! What Stateſman ever yet took Prayers for Pay? Deluded Maid, thou doſt not know thy worth, This Beauty muſt not be a Beggar's Prize, Deſign'd by Nature for a nobler Sphere

Fla. Are you our Prince, my Lord?

Bar. What means that Queſtion?

Fla. If you were, the Prince ſhou'd be deny'd.

Bar. Then much more I. Why do I trifle thus? I am no Prince, yet will not be deny'd.

Fla. My Lord *Barberino*, what do you intend? Heav'n ſhield me! Sure you deſign me no Violence.

Bar.

Ba. What I intend is Love. If you refuſe, you make the Rape.

Enter *Servant.*

Ser. The Duke, my Lord, his Highneſs is returned from *Milan.*

Bar. Ha! the Duke return'd from *Milan!* Thou art mad.

Ser. Juſt now arriv'd, my Lord, and coming hither.

Bar. Here, diſpoſe of her as I commanded thee,

Till I find out the Meaning of this Dream.
Ha! that's his Voice, and here he comes in Perſon.
Let her go, Slave——away, dear Maid, away.
[*Exit Fla.*

Enter *Trapolin, Alberto, Spirits, Attendants.*

Great Sir, upon our Knees, we welcome your Return.

Trap. And upon our Legs we take it——Hem, hem!

Alb. Your Highneſs comes unlook'd for. We did not expect this happy Time ſo ſoon by fourteen Days.

Bar. So, pleaſe your Grace, where is our Dutcheſs?

Trap. Your Dutcheſs will not come till the Gods know when; for my part I know nothing of the Matter.

Alb. What means your Highneſs?

Trap. Our Highneſs means to take an exact Account of Affairs. I left an honeſt Fellow here, call'd *Trapolin*, what's become of him?

Bar. Your Highneſs gave me charge to baniſh him.

Trap. Why there's the very Pillar of our State gone: You took him for a Buffoon; but I found him one of the beſt Politicians in Chriſtendom. Other Countries will value him; and for ought I know, he's a Prince by this time. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*--brave Lads ſtill--

Alb. This is mere Frenzy.

Trap. And there's another Friend o' mine, *Brunetto*, where is he?

Alb. Dread Sir, your Highneſs knows, that for his Preſumption in courting your Siſter, you confin'd him.

Trap. Nothing but lying in this World! I confine him! 'Tis well known I never had a Siſter in my Life.

Bar. No Siſter, Sir!

Trap. No, *Jack Sauce*, none that's worth impriſoning a Friend for-- Honeſt *Brunetto*, I'll be with thee in the twinkling of a—— *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, ſit faſt, Boys-- Paſs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *A Priſon.*

Brunetto ſolus.

Air VII. Upbraid me not, capricious Fair.

How ſervile is the State of Man,
How reſtleſs and unfix'd;

Ev'n

Ev'n Days, which Revelling began,
With Grief are intermixt?
Love's fatal Dart, attacks the Breaſt,
When quiet and ſerene,
And when harſh Care has diſpoſſeſt
The delighting Monarch's reſt.
'Tis Anarchy within.

Unhurt by Fear,
The airy warbling Choir,
Taſte of Love,
No Thought of Care,
Annoys the Brute's Deſire
In the Grove.
'Tis only Man's unhappy State,
Theſe Miſeries to bear;
Conſpir'd with ſome Rival's Hate,
Thouſand preſſing Evils wait,
all wait
In dreadful Phantoms near.

Enter *Trapolin.*

Trap. What a diſmal Place is here! I'll have it carried bodily out of my Dukedom.

Bru. Great Prince - - -

Trap. He makes a very low Leg; but I ſcorn to be out-done in Courteſy, my beſt Friend *Brunetto.*

Bru. I am aſtoniſh'd! Sir, upon my Knees, I congratulate your ſafe Return.

Trap. And, upon my Knees, I do embrace thee, honeſt *Brunetto.*

Bru.

Bru. I know not what to think or ſpeak: I do beſeech your Highneſs riſe.

Trap. Not without thee--therefore up I ſay. Away with Complements, I cannot abide them.

Bru. You honour me above Expreſſion.

Trap. A Fig for Honour! I love thee, Man. Sirrah, Jailor, bring Chairs here preſently.

Bru. Your Highneſs--

Trap. Away with Highneſs, I ſay away with it; call me *Lavin*, plain *Medices*.

Bru. Sure I am awake, this is no Dream.

Trap. We will live happily together, i'faith we will-- Come, Sirrah, what a while have you been bringing theſe Chairs? I have known a Pimp made a Prince in leſs time-- *Brunetto*, ſit thee down, ſit down, I ſay.

Bru. I will attend your Highneſs on my Knees.

Trap. Why I am not thy Father, am I? Sit thee here.

Bru. On the right Hand! that muſt not be.

Trap. Why an' thou wilt have it there, there let it be--But hold, I am miſtaken, that is on the left Hand, that muſt not be; doſt think I have no Manners?

Bru. There is no Remedy, I muſt obey.

Trap. Very well--What now, art thou afraid of me; marry, an' thou draw'ſt back, I'll draw back too; therefore ſit ſtill, I ſay, and let us talk. I prithee Man, how cam'ſt thou in this damn'd Dungeon?

Bru.

Bru. Ay, now the Storm comes. Pardon me, dread Sir.

Trap. What on thy Knees again? Doſt thou take me for *Mahomet*? As well as I can pardon thee, I do pardon thee, whatever it be.

Bru. Your Highneſs knows, my Crime was in aſpiring to your Royal Siſter.

Trap. Haſt married her?

Bru. I Beſeech your Grace.

Trap. Well! an' thou haſt not: Get her Conſent, and here I give you mine. So come along to Dinner.

Bru. Your Highneſs ſhall command me unto Death.

Trap. I ſay, thou ſhalt have her; and if I [illegible] two Siſters, thou ſhould'ſt have 'em both. [illegible]o waits there?

Enter *Barberino*, *Alberto*.

Now, my Lords, you ſee this Apartment, and you thought fit to have *Brunetto* ſhut up here, for making Love to my Siſter.

Alb. It was your Highneſs's Judgment and Command.

Trap. Jailor, take theſe two coxcombly Lords, and keep 'em under Lock. They're never well but when they're doing miſchief: In my Conſcience and Soul, here is ſuch an Incumbrance of Perplexity, that I proteſt -- Come along Friend -- [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *The Palace.*

Re-enter *Trapolin.*

Trap. This Duke's Life is a glorious one! Did ever Man come to Preferment upon lighter Terms? I am made a Prince, and Father Conjurer goes to the Devil for't.

Enter *Flametta.*

Who's here, my pretty little Rogue; I wonder, what makes her at Court?

Fla. Here's the Duke alone, whom I ſo long have ſought for, to petition for the Repeal of my dear *Trapolin.* I beſeech your Grace, take pity of a Maid bereav'd of all her Joys.

Trap. All her Joys, that's me.

Fla. I humbly beg, poor baniſh'd *Tr*
may be recall'd.

Trap. Dear Honey-ſuckle, ſhe ev'n make
weep.

Fla. Great Sir, that you have noble Thoughts.

Trap. I have ſo.

Fla. The World is witneſs, and heart-full of Commiſeration.

Trap. Now will I teaze the poor Fool -- But *Trapolin* is a poor ſcoundrel, beggarly pimping Knave -- and it behoves us, to keep our Dominions free from ſuch.

Fla. Alas! Sir, he has his Faults as all Men have; but no other. My Lord *Barberino* has perſuaded me ---

Trap.

Trap. To think no more of him—I do the ſame—hang him, hang him, if you love him, 'tis ſo much Love thrown away.

Flam. Alas, Sir, you can't judge.

Trap. Not judge! and a Perſon in power! Grandeur gives a Man a true Knowledge of ev'ry body's Buſineſs but his own.

Air VIII. When my Love the other Day.

Flam. *When fond Love's too fatal Dart,*
Once has touch'd the Maiden's Heart;
Led her eaſy Soul aſtray,
Reaſon may in vain eſſay;
And diſcover,
In the Rover,
Faults to fright her eaſy Mind;
Love to all thoſe Faults is blind.

Trap. Now, ſuppoſe I was to ſupply his Place?

Flam. I hope your Highneſs will deſiſt from ſuch an Attempt. Conſider, Sir, the Crime in perſuading a Maid to violate her Vows.

Air IX. Dainty *Davy.*

Trap. *Come, come, my pretty dainty Queen,*
Ceaſe your ſighing,
Sobbing, crying.
Flam. *What can your noble Highneſs mean?*
Trap. *Come my Dear, and try me,*
I'll only take a Kiſs or two.
Flam. *Oh bleſs my Heart! what would you do?*

Trap. *Nothing ſtrange, nor odd, nor new,*
And ſure you won't deny me.

Flam. Let me implore you.

Trap. I cannot hold out any longer.——— *Trapolin*'s an honeſt hearty Cock as any in *Florence*; and I do promiſe you upon the Honour of a Man, and the Dignity of a Duke, he ſhall be recall'd. Some of my roguy Lords talk of hanging him; but I do aſſure you, that if ever they hang him, they ſhall hang me; and ſo ſet thy Heart at reſt.

Flam. Heav'n bleſs your Highneſs, whoſe kind Indulgence to a ſimple Maid has eas'd her of the Pangs which Love and tedious Abſence caus'd. [*Exit.*

[*a confus'd Noiſe without.*

Trap. Heyday! What's here to do?

Enter Officer.

Offic. Dread Sir, this is the Day in which your Highneſs is wont to hear and determine Cauſes in your Chair of State; and accordingly here are ſeveral Perſons come to your Highneſs for Juſtice.

Trap. What, Juſtice before I have din'd? I tell you it is a dangerous thing. I had like to have been hang'd once my ſelf, becauſe the Judge was faſting.

Air

Air X. *Wincheſter* Wedding.

His Fate the poor pitiful Sinner,
Ought ev'ry Minute to watch;
When the Judge is in want of his Dinner,
He hangs up the Men for diſpatch.

But he that wou'd fain be us'd kind,
And live betwixt Terror and Hope;
If he ſtay till his Lordſhip has din'd,
May ſlip his Neck out of the Rope.

Well, let 'em enter. Here ſits the Government. In the firſt place, I wou'd have the Court take notice, that in Affairs of State, I think that Words are not to be multiply'd; and if I think ſo, I ſhall not do ſo; and if I do not, no body elſe muſt——So that in this Aſſembly, he that ſpeaks little, will fare better than he that talks much; and he that ſays nothing, better than both.

Several Men and Women brought in.

1*ſt Wom.* I do beſeech your Highneſs to do me juſtice. I have liv'd long with Fame among my Neighbours: My Husband too bore Offices in the Pariſh, till he was kill'd in fighting for your Highneſs, and left me but this dear and only Daughter, whom this old Sinner has debauch'd, and ſpoil'd her Fortune.

Trap. Debauch'd! that is to ſay, lay with her, and got her Maidenhead.

1*ſt Wom.* Your Highneſs has a moſt diſcerning Judgment.

Trap. And how did he do this? lawfully, by the help of a Pimp, or unlawfully, without it.

1*ſt Wom.* Oh, moſt unlawfully, Sir, for he has a Wife and a Son of his own Inches.

Trap. A Son of his own Inches! Good! then the Deciſion of this Cauſe is eaſy——Do you hear, Woman, we will have that Son debauch'd; you ſhall get the Son's Maidenhead, and ſpoil his Fortune.

1*ſt Wom.* I do beſeech your Grace——

Trap. No replying after Sentence. Whoſe Cauſe is next?

2*d Wom.* Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, vouchſafe to hear me. I am a poor and helpleſs Widow, one that had no Comfort left me but my Child, whom this vile Minion, *Whip*, the Coachman, being drunk, drove over, and left him dead; I do beſeech your Highneſs make my caſe your own, and think what ſad Diſtreſs——

Trap. Hold, hold, I will have no flouriſhing. This Cauſe requires ſome half a Minute's Conſideration more than the former. *Whip*, you ſay, being drunk, drove over your Child, and kill'd him: Why, look you, Woman, Drink will make a Coachman a Prince; and *vice verſa*, by the Rule of Proportion, a Prince a Coachman; ſo that this may be my own Caſe another time. However, that ſhall be no Obſtruction to Juſtice; therefore *Whip* ſhall lie with

with you, and be ſuſpended from driving, till he has whip'd you up another Child.

2d Wom. So pleaſe your Grace, this is ſtill worſe.

Trap. No replying after Sentence: Who's next?

Pur. So pleaſe your temporal Authority.

Trap. How now, my mortify'd Brother of *Geneva*, what carnal Controverſy are you engag'd in?

Pur. Verily there is nothing carnal in my Cauſe: I have ſuſtained Violence, much Violence, and muſt have much Compenſation from the Ungodly.

Trap. What's your Grievance?

Pur. I will pour it forth in the Words of Sincerity.

Trap. I care not a farthing for Sincerity, let me have it in Brevity.

Pur. This Perſon here is by Occupation a Maſon or Tyler, as the Language of the World termeth it: Whilſt therefore I ſtood contemplating a new Manſion, that I had prepared unto myſelf, at the ſame time that this Perſon occupy'd his Vocation aloft thereon, or rather ſhou'd have occupy'd; ſuch was his wicked Negligence, that he fell from the top of the Building moſt unconſcionably, and bruiſed my outward Man, even with all his carnal Weight, and almoſt bruiſed me unto the death, I being clad in thin Array (through the immoderate Heat of the Seaſon) namely, five Caſſocks or Coats,

Coats, ſeven Cloaks, and one Dozen of quilted Caps.

Trap. Believe me, Sirs, a moſt important matter! If ſuch Enormities go unpuniſh'd, what Subject can be ſafe?——Why, if a perverſe Fellow take a Pique againſt his Neighbour, 'tis but getting eight, or ten, or fourteen Stories high, and ſo fall down upon him as he ſtands, thinking no harm, in the Street: I do therefore decree, that this Tyler ſhall ſtand below, while you get upon the Battlements of the Houſe, and fall down upon him.

Pur. This is ſtill moſt monſtrous.

Trap. As for petty Cauſes, let them wait; for till great Rogues are regulated, little Fools are not worth notice. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, cloſe Lads.

Air XI. Gamiorum.

Since in ev'ry degree of Men,
Servants follow their Maſters,
Kirkers-*like*, *what Elders pen,*
High Zealots mitred Paſtors.
Roguery on all attends,
'Twixt Creditors and Debtors;
Hang the Knave that ever mends,
A Day before his Betters.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lavinio, Iſabella, Attendants.

Lav. My Heart's beſt Treaſure, charming *Iſabel*,
You are moſt welcome to the Court of *Florence*;
And

And when I loſe the Senſe of ſuch a Bleſſing,
Let me become a tributary Lord,
And hold my Birthright at another's Will.
Iſab. Dread Sir, I know and prize my Happineſs,
Bleſt doubly in your Fortunes, and your Love.
Lav. My Abſence from Affairs ſo long—— requires
My cloſe Attendance now for ſome few Hours;
Then I'll return to ſettle Love's Account:
Meanwhile our Princeſs, and her Train, once more
Shall welcome you to *Florence.*
[*Exeunt all but* Lavinio *and Guards.*

Scene opens, and diſcovers the Priſon.

The Face of Things ſeems alter'd ſince I went;
Some ſtrange fantaſtick Humour has poſſeſt,
In general, the Citizens of *Florence:*
As yet I've met with none but ſpeak
Of Matters done by me before I came.
Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me, they'll ſoon reſolve. [Barberino *and* Alberto *appear thro' the Grates.*

Bar. Moſt Gracious Sir,
Pity your Subjects, and moſt faithful Servants.
Lav. Confuſion! Are my Eyes and Ears both charm'd?
Our Deputies, whom we did leave in Truſt
Of our whole Power, confin'd in Goal!
Set them at liberty, and in my Preſence now.
Sure ſome ill Spirit has poſſeſt
My Subjects Minds, when I was gone.
Do you know me?

Bar. The Duke of *Florence*, our moſt gracious Maſter.

Lav. Are you not call'd *Barberino*, you *Alberto?*
My prudent, faithful Counſellors, to whom
I left the Government of *Tuſcany.*

Alb. We are your loyal Subjects, tho' your Priſoners.

Lav. How came you ſo?

Bar. Great Sir, yourſelf well knows,
'Twas only for obeying your Commands.

Lav. Some Frenzy has on the poor Wretches ſeiz'd!
My good Lords, I do beſeech you to collect your Wits,
And tell me gently how you came in Priſon.

Bar. By the Proſperity of *Tuſcany*, your Highneſs left us there.

Lav. When did I ſo?

Alb. The ſelf-ſame time you went in Perſon thither to free *Brunetto.*

Lav. 'Sdeath! whom! what *Brunetto?*

Bar. Your Priſoner taken in the *Mantuan* Wars.

Lav. I can ſuſtain no more: Come hither, Captain, theſe Lords affirm I put 'em into Priſon.

Capt. Your Highneſs did, you ſaw them left in Cuſtody that Minute you freed *Brunetto.*

Lav. He's in the ſame Tale.
Tho' they are all alike depriv'd of Senſe,
Yet do they all agree in what they ſay:
But why, good Captain, (I will reaſon't with you)
Shou'd

Shou'd I deſire *Brunetto*'s Liberty?
Wou'd it not be Diſhonour to our Houſe,
To caſt away our Siſter, upon one,
We neither yet know whom, or what he is?
Capt. Sir, it is certain, I did hear you,
To call *Brunetto* Prince *Horatio*,
The ſecond Son to the Duke of *Savoy*.
Lav. Vengeance! my Wonder is ſo great,
That I want Words wherewith to give it vent.
Capt. Nay more, your Highneſs gave the Princeſs Charge,
That ſhe prepar'd herſelf; for in two Days,
You'd ſee her married to the Prince *Horatio*.
Lav. Captain, I ſwear to you, by my Dukedom,
I'd rather ſend for that *Brunetto*'s Head.
Capt. I beſeech your Highneſs, let your own Eyes
Convince you of the Truth of what I've ſaid.

Enter *Brunetto*, and *Prudentia*.

Air XII. *Europa* fair.

Bru. *Long gloomy Night,*
Clouded Delight,
Now Care diſperſes before the bright Day.
Prud. *Pleaſures improve*
Paſſionate Love,
Tranſport appears in its gaudy Array.
Bru. *To thy fond Breaſt,*
I fly for Reſt.

Prud. *Now Hope appears,*
To quell our Fears,
Only your Faith my Soul alarms.
Bru. *All my Heav'n is in your Arms.*

Lav. Whirlwinds part 'em.
Prud. My Royal Brother!
Lav. Damn'd infernal Creature!
Bru. I did ſuſpect at firſt, 'twas his Diſtraction,
That favour'd my aſpiring Hopes.
Prud. Wherein, dear Sir, have I deſerv'd this Uſage?
Was't not your Orders?
Lav. I'll ſpend no Breath upon ſo vile a thing.
You Sir, my new-made Favourite, come near,
And tell me, are you Son to *Savoy*'s Duke?
Bru. Your Highneſs knows, I am his ſecond Son.
Lav. I know you are his ſecond Son!
The Frenzy has ſeiz'd him too;
Then know, Sir, were you *Savoy*'s eldeſt Son,
My Siſter once deſerv'd a better Match.
To Priſon with the Boaſter, till *Savoy* ſetch him thence.
Bar. This reliſhes of Reaſon.
Alb. Heav'n preſerve this Temper, and reſtore the Peace of *Florence*.

Air XIII. Dying Swan.

Bru. *The Veſſel thus by gentle Gales,*
When wafted near the Land,

Some

Some adverſe Wind ſoon ſwells the Sails,
And bears her from the Strand.

Prud. *The frighted Crew, with wiſhing Eyes,*
Look back upon the Shore;
Till, with the Surges, Fears ariſe,
They'll ne'er behold it more.

Both. *Till, with,* &c. [*Exit Brun.*

Lav. Come, my Lords, and lend your beſt Aſſiſtance to me.
Sleep ſhall not cloſe my Eyes, nor Food refreſh me,
Till I have ſearch'd this Miſchief to the Core.
We'll ſtop at no Extreams of Blood and Torture.
Baulk no rough Means, that may our Peace ſecure;
Such deſperate Ills muſt have a deſperate Cure.
[*Exeunt.*

Air XIV. Love's a Dream of mighty Treaſure.

Prud. *With what vaſt unequal Meaſure,*
Fortune deals out Bliſs and Woe:
Happy ſome taſte only Pleaſure;
Others only Sorrows know.

Enter *Trapolin.*

Trap. Who's here? The Princeſs in Tears? Siſter, how doſt thou do? Come, I know your Grievance; and, out of my natural Affection, have taken care for you - - You marry the Prince *Horatio* this Night.

Prud. A Minute then has changed his ſullen Humour. Why then, Sir, have you made him a cloſe Priſoner?

Trap. A Priſoner ſay you? Run Guards, and fetch him to our Preſence. Do not ſo abuſe yourſelf, dear Siſter, to think I wou'd confine my Friend to Priſon.

Prud. You did it, Sir, this Minute; he's ſcarce there yet.

Trap. Madam Siſter, if I did it, it was in my Drink, and certainly I had ſome politick Reaſon for't, which I have now forgot -- Some more Wine, Slave, to clear my Underſtanding.

Enter *Brunetto.*

Bru. How ſoon his Mind is chang'd? the Heav'ns be prais'd!

Trap. Dear Prince *Horatio*, an' you do not forgive my locking you in Priſon, I ſhall never be merry again. And ſo here's to you, dear Prince *Horatio.*

Bru. Upon my Knees I pay my humbleſt Thanks.

Air XV. *Bury* Fair.

The Bird whom Fate oppreſſing,
Had coop'd within a Grate,
Once taſting Freedom's Bleſſing,
Flies ſwiftly to his Mate.
Prud. *His tender Conſort when alone,*
Gave way to penſive Grief,
At Sight of him (by Pleaſure won)
Finds quick and ſure Relief.

Bru.

Bru. *So fly I to your lovely Arms,*
Pru. *So I receive you there*
Both. *We'll bask where wanton* Cupid *warms,*
Since Joy ſucceeds our Care.

Trap. Come, come, take her along, young Man, take her along. I know Lovers wou'd be private; and ſo agree the reſt among yourſelves. [*Exeunt Bru. Prud.*

Barberino and *Alberto* croſſing the Stage.

Who's yonder, my Lord's Baniſhers at large again? Will the Government never be able to drink at quiet for them? Seize the Traitors there, and carry them to Priſon. And do you hear, Sirrah; it ſhall be Treaſon for any body to let them out?

Offic. Unleſs by Order from your Highneſs.

Trap. Orders from my Highneſs! I tell you, Raſcal, it ſhall be Treaſon to let them out, tho' I command it myſelf. Away with them, go.

Enter *Iſabella.*

What *Bona Roba* have we here now?

Iſa. My deareſt Lord.

Trap. For her Dreſs and Beauty, ſhe may be a Dutcheſs. Who are you, Madam?

Iſa. Do you not know me, Sir? Am I ſo alter'd ſince I came from *Milan?*

Trap. Oh! 'tis the Dutcheſs. You are our Wife, you'll ſay.

Iſa. Sir!

Trap. I am glad of it, I promiſe you. Come, kiſs me then incontinently.

Iſa. What mean you, Sir? You are merrily diſpos'd.

Trap. Madam Dutcheſs, I am ſomewhat jovial indeed: I have been drinking freely, and ſo kiſs me agen.

Iſa. My Lord!

Trap. You're a proper handſome Woman, I promiſe you; and tell me, Madam Dutcheſs, am not I a proper handſome Fellow?

Iſa. Sir, do not jeſt with me, you know you are the Man whom I eſteem above the World.

Trap. What a winning Look was there too? ——To Bed, my dear, to Bed: I'll but take t'other Flask to put State-Affairs out of my Head, and then——ha, ha——

Air XVI. Come brave Boys let's charge, *&c.*

None but Fools will think of loving,
Till they're warmly fluſh'd with Wine;
Bacchus *firſt, the Flame approving,*
Sure to ſpeed at Beauty's Shrine.
Wine expert will prompt Deſire,
Such as Woman ne'er can blame;
Raiſes high the glowing Fire,
Yet ſoon cools the burning Dame.

[Exeunt.

Enter Lavinio *and* Captain.

Lav. You glorious Planets that do nightly guide
The giddy Ships upon the Ocean's Waves;
If ſome of your malignant Influences,
Have rais'd this Madneſs in my Subjects Minds,

Let

Let ſome of your more gentle Aſpects now,
Reſtore them to their Senſes.

[Barberino *and* Alberto *appear in Priſon.*

My Lords impriſon'd! free 'em inſtantly.

Bar. Moſt gracious Sovereign, how have we deſerv'd,
Thus to be made the Scoff of vulgar Eyes?

Lav. I wonder, Lords, that you of all my Subjects
Shou'd thus diſtract yourſelves in your wild Fits:
You run to Priſon of your own accord, and ſay I ſent you.

Alb. Moſt royal Sir, you did command us hither.

Lav. I?

Bar. Your Highneſs' ſelf.

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace, you did agen commit 'em
That very Hour in which you ſet 'em free.

Lav. I commit 'em! I tell you all with Sorrow, you are are mad.
Therefore, in this ſmall Interval of Senſe,
Betake you with one Voice to your Devotion,
And pray the incens'd Gods to be appeas'd,
And keep you from relapſe.

Both. Heav'ns bleſs your Highneſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brunetto, Prudentia.

Air XVII. Why will *Florella*, whilſt I gaze.

Bru. *I wonder not that Harms appear,*
Where Hearts by Love are ſway'd:
Pleaſure

Pleaſure can never come ſincere,
While Power is obey'd.
The ſudden Glooms, dark Nights diſcloſe;
Will juſtle with the Morn;
The Briers ſweet, the bluſhing Roſe,
Are guarded by a Thorn.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. What do I ſee? *Brunetto* unconfin'd? Hell! they kiſs, embrace before my Eyes! My Guards there!

Enter Captain *and* Guards.

Bru. Ha! he's chang'd agen.

Prud. My noble Brother.

Lav. Off! Had'ſt thou Reaſon, and ſhou'd'ſt offer this,
I'd ſtudy Tortures for thee——as thou art,
I pity thy misfortunes——ſeize your Priſoner;
Next time I ſee him free, your Head is forfeit.

Prud. Wonders on Wonders! I beſeech you, Sir, by all the Bonds of Nature, for what Cauſe?

Lav. It is in vain to anſwer frantick People.
[*Exit.*

[*Scene draws, and ſhews* Trapolin *aſleep, Flasks of Wine by him.*

Trap. What a princely Nap have I taken? But as I remember, I was to have gone to my Dutcheſs, or dreamt ſo. Give me a Bumper.

Enter Barberino, Alberto.

My Lords at large agen!

Bar.

Bar. Long live your Highneſs.

Trap. Amen.

Alb. And happily.

Trap. Amen for that too.——But, my ſmall Friends, how came you hither? I thought you had been under Lock and Key.

Bar. Alas, he's relaps'd agen.

Trap. Sirrah, Captain, why kept you not theſe Vermin up till I bid you let 'em out?

Capt. So pleaſe your Grace, I did.

Trap. Will you lye, Raſcal, to my princely Face? [*throws Wine in his Face.*
To kennel with them; walk, my good Lords Baniſhers, your Honours know the way —— along with 'em, trugh, trugh.——Thus far, as I take it, we have kept the Government ſober, and in good Order. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lavinio *haſtily, and* Servant.

Lav. Call *Barberino* and *Alberto* to me.

Serv. From Priſon, Sir?

Lav. From Priſon, Slave; what mean'ſt thou?

Serv. Your Highneſs but this Minute ſent 'em thither, nor will your Officer at my Requeſt releaſe 'em, it was ſo ſtrict a Charge you gave.

Lav. Here, take my Signet for a Token; bid 'em attend me inſtantly in my Apartment. [*Exit* Servant.
It muſt, it muſt be ſo.——Some ſpiteful Fiend permitted by the Heav'ns, aſſumes my Shape

——and what I do, undoes. No other Cauſe remains in Nature for ſuch ſtrange Effects.

[*Exit.*

Scene changes.

Enter Trapolin, Servant.

Serv. Here's your Ring again, Sir.

Trap. What Ring?

Serv. Your Signet which you ſent me with; I have accordingly releas'd the Lords.

Trap. Give it me: Now, Slave, commend me to *Brunetto*, and bid him ſtart fair,

Serv. From Priſon, Sir?

Trap. From Priſon, ſay you? Here, take my Signet with you agen, and releaſe him; and ſay, I charge him on his Allegiance to go to Bed to the Princeſs.——Make all faſt without there: I can find the way to her Grace by my ſelf. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. What do I ſee? This is the helliſh Phantom that has bred all this Confuſion in the Court. What art thou?

Trap. I am *Lavinio* Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Lav. He ſpeaks too, and uſurps my Name. I'll try if thou haſt Subſtance——ſtruggle not, I'll have thee flead from thy enchanted Skin.

Trap. I ſay, beware of Treaſon. Flea off my Skin?

Both. Guards! Guards! a Traytor! a Traytor!

Trap.

Trap. There's ſome of Father Conjurer's Powder for you; what it will do for me, I know not: But there it is. [*runs out.*

Lav. The Sorcerer has blinded me, ſtop the Traytor.——Help, Guards, Guards! [*Exit.*

Enter Flametta.

The indulgent Duke has repeal'd the Baniſhment of my dear *Trapolin*; Heav'n ſend that Abſence may not have chang'd his Mind, and that he return with a warm Heart to me.

Air XVIII.

Fly, Cupid *fly, and give my Lover pain,*
For why ſhould he,
From Cares be free,
And I your Slave remain?
Then draw your Bow,
And let him know,
That you will be obey'd.
For why ſhould I,
Thus wiſhing lie,
And live a ſimple Maid? [Exit.

Re-enter Trapolin.

Trap. What will become of me? I never can have the Heart to ſwagger it out with him—— the Guards are coming too. I ſhall be in a Tertian Ague quickly; the Fit's coming on me already. What an Aſs was I, to run thus far on the bare Word of a Conjurer, when, with-

out doubt, it was the Devil ſpoke within him.

Air XIX. The old Wife ſhe ſent to the Miller her Daughter.

Whoe'er would eſcape from the Dangers of Evil,
Muſt manage his Buſineſs with Cunning and Care;
And never rely on the Quirks of the Devil,
The Word of a Stateſman, the Faith of the Fair.
Courtiers but promiſe, to bubble their Friends;
Woman is kind, when it works her own Ends.
So ſlyly,
The wily
Old Belzebub *bends:*
But at a dead lift,
They all leave you to ſhift,
Wounds! Pox take the Fool who on either depends.

Cheer up Heart, O rare Powder! It has done the Work i'faith, and this won't be my Fate.

Enter Lavinio *in* Trapolin's *Dreſs.*

Lav. I have thee, and will hold thee, wer't thou *Proteus.*

Trap. Help, Subjects, help——your Duke's aſſaulted!

Enter Captain, Guards.

Capt. What, *Trapolin* return'd! audacious Slave!

Trap.

Trap. No, no, *Trapolin* was too honeſt to aſſault his natural Prince.——This is ſome Villain transform'd by Magick to his Likeneſs, and I'll have him flead out of his enchanted Skin.

Lav. Blood and Vengeance!

Trap. Look to him carefully till you have further Orders. —— Now once more for our Dutcheſs. [*Exit.*

Lav. Unhand me, Slaves, I am your Duke, your Sovereign; that Villain that went out, is a damn'd Impoſtor.

Capt. Compoſe thyſelf, poor *Trapolin.*

Lav. What mean the Slaves by *Trapolin?*

Enter Servant.

Sir, Are you come? Where is my Ring?

Serv. Trapolin come home! and as great a Knave as ever!——It ſeems he has heard the Duke ſent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue thinks to get it.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. I'm overjoy'd, my Dear, you're welcome home.——I fear'd, alas, I ſhou'd never ſee you more. Indeed, my Dear, you are beholden to me, 'twas I that won the Duke for your Repeal.

Lav. Blood and Fire!

Flam. This is unkind to treat me with ſo much Coldneſs after ſo long an Abſence. Have you then forgot my Truth and Conſtancy?

Lav.

Lav. Off Strumpet!

Flam. Oh faithleſs Man! Women by me take heed,
You give not credit to the perjur'd Sex.
Have I all thy long Baniſhment been true,
Refus'd Lord *Barberino*, and his Gifts;
And am I ſlighted thus?

Enter Barberino, Alberto.

Lav. My Lords, you cou'd not come in better Seaſon,
For never was your Prince ſo much diſtreſt.

Bar. What means the Vagabond? how came he home?
I hope the Duke will take care to reward him.

Lav. Nay, then Deſtruction is turn'd looſe upon me.

Flam. Alas, he's mad! diſtracted with his Baniſhment!

Enter Iſabella, Prudentia.

Prud. All theſe ſtrange Diſorders in the Court, muſt needs proceed from ſome prodigious Cauſe.

Lav. Prudentia, Siſter, pity your Brother: Speak to theſe mad Subjects, who do not know their Prince.

Prud. What Fellow's this?

Capt. Off Sirrah!

Lav.

Lav. Is ſhe bewitch'd too? My dear *Iſabella*,
Thou ſure wilt own the Duke thy Husband—
Ha!
She turns away in wonder!
All. Ha, ha, ha!
Lav. Nay, then 'tis time to lay me thus on Earth,
And grow one Piece with it.
[*falls on the Ground.*

Enter Brunetto.

Bru. Your Highneſs humble Servant, dear *Prudentia*,
The Duke once more conſents to make us happy.
Here is his Royal Signet for our Marriage.

Enter Trapolin.

Trap. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, rare Boys ſtill—the Bed I have found, but no Dutcheſs; and not one of her Women can tell me where ſhe is —Why here they are now all of a Bundle, dear Pig'snye! What a naughty Trick was this to ſpirit yourſelf away, when you know how frighted I am with lying alone ——— My princely Friend, haſt thou conſummated? No! that ſneaking Look of thine confeſſes thee guilty.

Air

Air XX. Greenwood Tree.

A Woman like the liquid Tea,
Can yield no true Repaſt;
Till by a Man ſhe ſweeten'd be,
And ſuited to the Taſte.
Like Coffee ſinks the ſingle Dame,
To the Bottom of the Cup,
Till Man exciting Cupid's *Flame,*
Boils Inclination up.

Well, married or not married, I am reſolved to ſee you a-bed incontinently.

Lav. The Devil you ſhall.

Fla. Dear *Trapolin*, be quiet -- You'll deſtroy me and yourſelf. I do beſeech your Grace, forgive him. Alas, he's Lunatick!

Trap. Poor *Trapolin*, that ever ſuch good Parts as thine ſhou'd come to this!

Lav. I am *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Fla. Nay, prithee *Trapolin*, hold thy tongue, don't diſtract at us this rate.

Trap. Shew him the Glaſs.

Lav. What do I ſee? Ev'n thus I ſeem to them.

Plagues, Death and Furies, this is Witchcraft all. Still I aſſert my Right -- I am *Lavinio*.

Trap. Nay, then I ſee, he'll ne'er come to good. To Priſon with him, take him away.

[Mago *appears in a Storm*]

Mag. Turn thee, *Lavinio*, Duke of *Tuſcany*.

Lav. Ha! what art thou, that owns my Power and Title?

Trap. Father Conjurer here! I warrant he's going to the Devil now, and calls at Court for Company.

Mag. Remember, *Guicardi*, the *Tuſcan* Count,
Whom twelve Years ſince, thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh;
Which tedious Hours I chiefly have apply'd
To Magick Studies; and, in juſt Revenge,
Have rais'd theſe ſtrange Diſorders in thy Court.
Now pardon what is paſt, I'll ſet all right.

Lav. By all the Honours of my State, I will.

Trap. So, here's his Grace and the Devil upon Articles of Agreement; and excluding me from the Treaty. Well, I'll e'en baniſh myſelf, while I have the Authority in my own Hands.

[*Exit.*

Mag. Then take that Chair - - [*places the Duke in a Chair.*

Bru. What mean theſe Prodigies?

Mag. You Spirits fram'd of milder Elements;
You that controul the black malicious Fiends,
Be kind once more, and execute my Will.

[*Spirits riſe and dance. Mean while the Duke is transform'd to his own Likeneſs.*

All. The Duke! Good Heav'n! long live your Highneſs.

Lav. Sure, all has been a Dream!

Mag. Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother, the Duke of *Savoy*'s dead.

Lav. Then he is *Savoy*.
Sir, I entreat Forgiveneſs of what's paſt, and wiſh you Joy—— [*gives him* Prudentia.

Bru. } You crown our Happineſs.
Prud. }

Enter Trapolin *in his own Dreſs with Spirits.*

Lav. Here's the Impoſtor!

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, for old Acquaintance ſake, I beſeech your Grace, uſe Moderation. You may ſee by me, what a Prince may come to.

Lav. Thy Pardon's granted; but depart the Realm.

Fla. Dear *Trapolin*, embrace the happy Fate, and take me with thee.

Trap. My Lord, I have ſtood your Lordſhip's Friend.

Bru. In *Savoy*, I'll requite thee, *Trapolin.*

Trap. *Savoy*, Girl, *Savoy*. A Count, a Count at leaſt.

Fla. Ay, but ſhall I go with you?

Trap. Hold, hold, I hope his Grace will give us leave to celebrate here. If he compels us to be gone before we have conſummated—

Air XXI. *Yorkſhire* Tale.

Poor Trapolin *baniſh'd, reſolves not to go,*
If he a Reprieve to your Plaudits may owe,
And pretty Flametta *declares t' ſhall be ſo.*
By her, Down, down.

Fla.

Fla. *Think not, my Humour obſtructs your Delight;*
For if your poor Fare can nice Palates invite,
You'll not want my Hand, nor my Heart the next Night.
Nor my Down, down.

FINIS.

A TABLE to the SONGS.

		Page
Air 1	DO *not ask me if I love you.*	2
2	*Will the Linnet fly the Snare.*	3
3	*Will Reſolution never.*	4
4	*Young Damſels were formerly won.*	5
5	*Since the Buſineſs of a State's too large.*	8
6	*When once the fond Maid.*	9
7	*How Servile is the State of Man.*	12
8	*When fond Love's too fatal Dart.*	17
9	*Come, come, my pretty dainty Queen.*	17
10	*His Fate the poor pitiful Sinner.*	19
11	*Since in ev'ry Degree of Men.*	22
12	*Long gloomy Night.*	25
13	*The Veſſel thus by gentle Gales.*	26
14	*With what vaſt unequal Meaſure.*	27
15	*The Bird whom Fate oppreſſing.*	28
16	*None but Fools will think of loving.*	30
17	*I wonder not that Harms appear.*	31
18	*Fly,* Cupid, *fly, and give my Lover Pain.*	35
19	*Whoe'er would eſcape from the Dangers of Evil.*	36
20	*A Woman like the liquid Tea.*	40
21	*Poor* Trapolin *baniſh'd, reſolves not to go.*	42

4. AP 54

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Air 3
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